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## TERMS:

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## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. P., June 8, 1868.

ONE singular expression of Christ's, shows that the Holy Spirit is to be given to us, not in any niggardly way, but in bountiful supplies. It is said that he stood in the last great day of the feast, and cried aloud to the multitude: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, *out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.* This spake he of the Spirit, which they which believed on him should receive," &c. It is not to be some thin, indefinite influence; it is to be copious and sensible, refreshing and powerful. "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water!" I do not know what we can ask more than that!

Christ did not talk "gas." When he said a thing, he meant it; and he meant a good deal more than his words express. A river of living water running out of a man's belly, is a large idea. This gift is not for certain particular persons, but he that *believes*, shall have it. "If *any man* thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The language is almost identical with the invitation of the Spirit and the Bride in Revelation: "Let him that is athirst come. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." This "water of life," is the river previously spoken of, flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb. Whosoever thirsts, is invited to come and partake freely of that river.

I have always been inclined to understand Christ's meaning in that passage as very much the same as where he says, "Whoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him *shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*" The idea is not that the well of water shall flow from him abroad, but that it shall spring up in him, out of the center of his being. He that believes on Christ shall have the satisfaction of a river of life in himself, in his heart or spiritual center. He will have a fountain or well there, and can drink all he wants of it. Of course, if there is a river of water springing up in him that he drinks of himself and has perpetual satisfaction in, it will flow out from him to others. You may

take it in that sense if you like, for that must be the result. But my impression is, that the main fact which Christ had in view in that language, was the individual's own satisfaction. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." And this is the way he will drink; not through his mouth; but a well of water shall spring up in his heart.

This gushing fountain of the water of life in the heart, was not given till Jesus Christ was glorified. The Spirit had been given in many external ways, and persons had been inspired by its influence before that; but this peculiar spring of living water within, had not been given, and was not given, till after Jesus had been glorified.

This is the fullness of the doctrine which I have been presenting, of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit came like a mighty flood on the day of Pentecost, and is now a river of life, in the center of the whole of humanity, accessible to all. Almost the last thing the Bible says to mankind, is, "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The idea manifestly is, that the water of life has got into its channel; a great river of it is flowing in humanity; and whosoever will, may drink of it as he pleases. It is not something that is yet to be sent—that we are to wait for and expect in the future: it is a river of life that is now running within easy reach of every one of us.

## SWEDENBORG AND FOURIER.

A STORY runs that in the anti-masonic excitement of forty years ago, when the mysterious abduction of Morgan had aroused the people of Western New-York, a dead body was found floating in the waters of Lake Ontario, which some enthusiastic anti-masons at once identified as that of the missing man. Thereupon, the excitement, which was going in the field of politics, raged with increased violence against the masons. A knot of politicians were discussing the event, when a scrupulous individual suggested that there were well-founded doubts of the identity of the corpse. "O! never mind that!" said a worthy who has since been high in office, "*it's a good enough Morgan till after election!*"

We have seen how the unsophisticated Davis dropped Swedenborg. The Massachusetts school of semi-infidel Universalists and reformers, however, were more cunning. They knew well enough that Swedenborg was full of ideas about eternal perdition which they detested. They must have known, also, his festering corruption in the matters of pellicacy and concubinage. But they fished him up from the oblivion of a

hundred years and trumpeted him about; and why? We answer: They wanted an "available candidate" to run against Jesus Christ and the Bible; they knew that almost any theory could be dug out of Swedenborg's ponderous mass of dusty Latin, the remainder lying safely hidden from all but a few persevering scholars, and he was "a good enough Morgan till after election." That over, they would respect his corpse as little as any.

One way in which they disguised Swedenborg to the popular mind, was by the use of his own doctrine of the Internal Sense. As he had applied it to the Bible, they applied it to him. What appeared to common minds to be plain assertions of things seen and done in the spiritual world, they represented as the mystical imagery of a gigantic and luxuriant mind. In this way any disagreeable thing could be easily ignored or shuffled away.

A strange mixture of conflicting elements was that at Brook Farm. Surely, some deep plan was afoot when Swedenborg, who thought society all right, was harmonized with Fourier, who thought it all wrong; when Swedenborg's *hells* were sugar-coated with the dainty philanthropy of the Transcendentalists. It is said that there is nothing like a foreign war to cement a union of discordant states. Here at Brook Farm, that "picnic of poets and lovely women," a great campaign was organizing. Stern preparations were making in this sylvan retreat, and jarring factions found themselves uniting in a common cause.

By way of giving a glimpse of this army while it was gathering force, we will republish from the *Perfectionist*, issued in January, 1846, a discussion with the *Harbinger*, the organ of the Brook Farm Association. It will be noticed that some of Fourier's theories are even more gaseous than those of Swedenborg.

The *Perfectionist* begins with a notice of an article translated from Fourier. It says:

We notice some *foamy* appearances on the tide of the last *Harbinger* which indicate, more than any thing we have seen in it heretofore, that "breakers are ahead."

1. We have an article from Fourier on Cosmogony, commencing with the following sarcasm:

"I have read in a poem (*The Martyrs*, of Chateaubriand) 'that various of the elect occupy themselves in the other life with studying the mysteries of the harmony of the celestial sphere.' Now, as the number of the elect will be very small, according to the prediction in the gospel; *for many are called, but few are chosen*; nine-tenths of us may fear that we shall not participate after death in the information of the elect about the sidereal harmony, but that we shall be plunged rather into Gehenna, where there is only weeping and gnashing of teeth. Consequently, it will be prudent in the lovers of science to seek to initiate themselves during the present life into these mysteries of the harmony of the celestial spheres, the knowledge of which must be very interesting, since it forms the recreation of the most learned among the elect."

The point of this witticism (if it has any point) is aimed against the words of Christ and the idea of future retribution. We begin to see what the asseverations of the Fourierists in

regard to the Christiannity of their leader amount to.

This article proceeds to inform us that the planets have the "twelve radical passions" and the five senses; that they give and receive nourishment, and "execute creations" on one another. In answer to the question, "How do the planets reproduce their species?" the author says:

"The germs of stars are deposited and nursed in the Milky Way, whence they come forth in swarms of comets, which travel for a long time, and usually gravitate about various suns, before they become fixed in a plane in one system. The aforesaid germs are engendered by the aroal communication of the planets with one another and with their sun. \* \* \*

"Our little globe will have two rings like that of Saturn, of which it is the conjugal planet in the major octave.

"The sidereal aromas have a perfume with which man is acquainted: in the jonquille we have the pivotal aroma of Jupiter; the violet contains the pivotal aroma of our globe; the rose gives the dominant aroma of Mercury. Each of these plants was created by the star whose aroma it transmits to us.

"Each substance of the different kingdoms is the product of an aroma, shed by one of the stars, and combined with that of the planet. The ox is born of an aroma shed by Jupiter; the horse of an aroma shed by Saturn; the rose of an aroma shed by Mercury; the pink of an aroma shed by Hebe, the 8th satellite of Herschel. The operation is nearly the same with that of our gardeners: we sow seeds, which contain a germ that will combine in fermentation with the juices of the earth. Thus, when Jupiter shed upon us the seeds of the ox, they had to be received and elaborated in the bosom of the planet, then thrown out at different points of its surface, where they produced the first herds of oxen. Thirty thousand plants, which we enjoy, were the product of thirty-thousand influxes received into the earth from different stars. It takes time for the planet to receive and elaborate the germs. The tradition which pretends that the creation was made in six days, would have done better to have estimated the duration of the work at six centuries, at least. It would be no benefit to the planets to have the toil abridged, since it is for them a source of pleasure, a struggle of ambition, of self-love, in which each displays its ability in competition. Each of their products is seen and judged by the other planets. Saturn, the creator of the flea, had to undergo censure upon this object, as well as upon the horse.

"The stars have commonly three or four creations in full labor, and others just commenced or nearly finished. They hasten those which are disagreeable, like the two whose productions we see upon the globe (I will class them hereafter), and for which the sidereal cohort had to operate upon vitiated or gross aromas; but they are not precipitous with those that are executed upon aromas of a good quality. Hence it comes, that the creations three and four, which will occur in rapid succession upon our globe, soon after the foundation of Harmony, will be accelerated, while the beautiful creation five (major transition), which will commence about four hundred years after Harmony, will go on more deliberately.

"It is very certain that our globe will retain the horse after the next creation, although that will furnish new species of carriers; but it is doubtful whether it will retain the ass, except as a curiosity, because the said creation will give for the same kind of service porters more agreeable and not so vicious. The ass, by his sobriety, may suit in a society of mendicants and beggars, like the civilizees, who dispute the very bones with the dogs, to make soup of them for their citizens; but in a society in which extreme abundance will reign, and in which the dogs of the court-yard will fare better than our mechanics, they will have no further need of animals in which the useless merit of sobriety will not balance their numerous defects. Hence, I presume the ass will be suppressed from the service of Harmony, which, however, will preserve the zebras from this creation, and know how to tame them. For the rest, this is a rough calculation, which may apply to all the animals and plants of little value. As to the asses, I do not pretend that the horoscope of their suppression is a judgment without appeal, for I have no desire to discompose the Brotherhood of Asses, which is said to be numerous and powerful in Civilization."

This is all put forth coolly, without a pretence of proof. If the Fourierists receive it as a direct revelation, we have no fault to find, except with their credulity. But if it is to pass for the result of human investigations, it is self-evidently very silly, impudent stuff. They who can believe it, even as a revelation, must have a larger gullet than is necessary to swallow Moses's account of Creation.

2. We have a long and glowing editorial review of a Universalist poem, lately published in Eng-

land, entitled *Festus*. This poem appears to be an imitation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, as to machinery, and an offset against it, as to theology. Lucifer, or Satan, is one of the principal persons of the drama, and the end of the plot is to raise him out of ruin to one of the highest thrones in heaven. The closing scene represents the judgment. Festus is the last man judged. He, it appears, had sold himself to Lucifer; but he is acquitted and saved. Thereupon Lucifer steps forth and claims him. His claim is set aside by the judge, and he is just taking everlasting leave of Festus, when God interposes thus:

"Stay, spirit! all created things unmade  
It suits not the eternal laws of good  
That Evil be immortal. In all space  
Is joy and glory, and the gladdened stars,  
Exultant in the sacrifice of sin,  
And of all human matter in themselves,  
Leap forth as though to welcome earth to heaven,  
Leap forth and die. All nature disappears.  
Shadows are passed away. Through all is light.  
Man is as high above temptation now—  
And where by grace he always shall remain—  
As ever sun o'er sea; and sin is burned  
In hell to ashes with the dust of death.  
The worlds themselves are but as dreams within  
Their souls who lived in them, and thou art null,  
And thy vocation useless, gone with them.  
Therefore shall Heaven rejoice in thee again,  
And the lost tribes of angels, who with thee  
Wedded themselves to woe, and all who dwell  
Around the dizzy centers of all worlds,  
Again be blessed with the blessedest.  
Lo! ye are all restored, rebought, rebrought,  
To Heaven by Him who cast ye forth, your God.  
Receive ye tenfold of all gifts and powers.  
And thou who can'st to Heaven to claim one soul,  
Remain possessed by all. The sons of bliss  
Shall welcome thee again, and all thy hosts,  
Whereof thou first in glory as in woe—  
In brightness as in darkness erst—shalt shine.  
Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou  
Redeemed to archangelic state. Bright child  
Of morning, once again thou shinest fair  
O'er all the starry ornaments of light."

The *Harbinger* praises this poem enthusiastically—says that its Universalist theory "is the grand thought with which this age is teeming," &c., &c. The review closes with the following exultation:

"The age is full of prophecy. Philosophy, religion, poetry and art, and the more grotesque and foolish forms of popular fanaticism, all, in their way, preach the coming of the true Social Order, the entrance of Man into unity with Man, with Nature, and with God. With no slight inward exultation do we count over the increasing list of these forerunners, these great Souls of the Future. In religion we have Swedenborg; in social economy, Fourier; in music, Beethoven; and shall we not say, in poetry, Festus?"

We are not able to make out how the *Harbinger* contrives to keep its reverence for Swedenborg, as the religious philosopher, while at the same time it believes that Universalism "is the great thought with which this age is teeming." If there is a system in the world which stands immovably in the way of Universalism, it is that of Swedenborg; for he declares and proves universal salvation to be impossible. We should as soon think of making a pleasant "hash" of fire and water, as of mixing into harmony Swedenborg's doctrines and those of Festus. It occurs to us, however, that there may be an "internal sense" in Swedenborg's writings, running counter to their external sense, which we, being uninitiated, have not discovered. If this is not the case, we may conclude that the *Harbinger's* frequent praises of Swedenborg are somewhat hollow."

#### PRINCIPIA.—NO. 7.

##### PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.

ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,

SHOWING THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES IN WHICH  
THE O. C. ORIGINATED.

THE ERA of Fourier Association in this country dates its beginning in 1843. It was in 1842, that Albert Brisbane returned from Paris, where he had been sitting at the feet of

the great French dreamer. The spring of 1843 saw a mushroom growth of Associations from Massachusetts to Wisconsin. Some perished immediately. Others flourished during the summer, but the stern necessities of autumn and winter cut down a large majority. Parasites destroyed many of the remainder.

The Oneida Community, although it took form three years later, in 1846, owed its rise in no manner to the seed-sowing of Albert Brisbane. The reader has seen in our extracts, which cover a period of six years previous to the Fourier excitement, that the Communism which was growing in the Putney school of Perfectionists, was solely after the Pentecostal model. No great schemes for external association; no phalansteries, groups, series and harmonies; but the simple belief that sooner or later, when obstructions should be removed, those of the same faith would become of one heart, and, of course, have but one purse.

We would not say, however, that the Fourier excitement exerted no influence on the formation of the Oneida Community. It helped materially. It broke the ice of intolerance which covered the country, especially New England. Its few partially successful attempts taught people that no harm to society at large would arise from such experiments; and its failures showed that no persecution was necessary to destroy institutions which contained in themselves the seeds of ruin. This enlargement of the public mind rendered the formation of the Oneida Community practicable, and encouraged the few men and women who led the movement, to begin the realization of ideas which had seemed like far-off dreams.

It would be unfair also, to deny that we adopted many of the external economies of Fourier. But, it is to be observed, that most of them were such as would occur to any one projecting a unitary scheme of life, and some, which were most essentially Fourieristic, have faded out among us.

While we thus acknowledge our indebtedness to Associationists, we can not lose sight of the fact that a stern antagonism upon a vital point, existed from the beginning between the two systems. Fourierites looked for the salvation of mankind in an external direction. They said that all the misery and wickedness of the world results from its false conditions, and that society must remain in the mire until great external improvements can be made, which will at once produce harmony and bring in the Millennium. Perfectionists, on the other hand, looked for the salvation of mankind in a subjective direction. They said that the false conditions of the world have resulted from its insanity and wickedness, and that society can rise out of its degradation by the cultivation of personal righteousness, as the Primitive Church rose triumphant over the debaucheries of Greek and Roman civilization.

This antagonism was so strong as to place Perfectionists for the time being, in an attitude of apparent hostility to Communism. They strongly insisted that personal improvement should be the believer's only aim. With this in view the following article from the *Perfectionist* was written, and although it may seem inconsistent with the subsequent course of the

Community, it lays bare the ground-work, without which Communism is impossible:

#### COMMUNISM.

From the Perfectionist, July 15, 1848.

We believe that the spirit of the gospel is destined to gather the inhabitants of the whole world, as to their affections, into one family, and of course, to introduce ultimately, a substantial, if not formal, community of goods and interests. But we do not believe that any of the schemes of *seceding communism* which at present abound, are the representatives and executors of that spirit.

It is natural for those who find themselves oppressed physically and spiritually by the present constitution of society, to seek relief in some new form of association. As the mass of mankind can not easily be moved to change, the only alternative is, to secede and form small insulated associations. The operation of these influences may be traced in the history of the world for many ages past; especially since the introduction of Christianity. The Essenes, the monastic orders, and the Shakers, are familiar examples, varying in the details of their peculiar institutions, but alike in the principle of secession. And to the same class we assign Socialism, Fourierism, and other modern forms of Communism: for however much they may have improved upon the social and financial inventions of their predecessors, they pursue the same object by the same means; viz., amelioration of condition by retreat from prevailing social organizations.

The error, which we conceive lies at the foundation of all these schemes, is a false view of the causes and nature of the evils which afflict society as it exists. The disease to be cured, is supposed to be *objective*, when in fact, it is *subjective*. Relief is sought in a change of *circumstances*, while it can be found only in a change of *heart*. Collins and his coadjutors in the movement for "Universal Inquiry and Reform," have only carried out and avowed in a revolting form, the fallacious notion which infects more or less, every form of Communism, viz., that man is to be regenerated by external changes. This is the vital principle of all the popular reforms of the present day: it has been the life blood of false Christianity and Judaism: indeed, it is the most universal and dearest delusion of human nature.

There are two ways of encountering objective evil: one, by attempting to diminish or remove the evil: the other by seeking strength to meet it. Communism, and all kindred projects of reform, adopt the former method; Christianity adopts the latter. We are placed in a world of confusion and oppression. Communism says, "Retire from it, and make a little quiet world of your own." Christianity says, "Stand where you are, and lay hold on the strength of him who has overcome." Difficulty is not absolute, but relative to strength. That which is difficult to a child, is easy to a man. So the burdens of life which to-day seem almost too heavy for endurance, to-morrow may become light as air; not by any change in themselves, but by the increase of the believer's strength.

Primitive Christianity was rugged enough to stand and overcome in the worst circumstances that the world could present. Its foundation, the faith of Christ, was death-proof. Its disciples did not, like the Communists, retreat from the world into separate associations. For a little season after the day of Pentecost, they had all things common, and lived in a sort of separate community at Jerusalem; but they were soon scattered abroad, and in process of time the order was sent through all the churches—"Let every man abide in the calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a slave? [and what case could be worse?] care not for it; [the faith of the gospel is sufficient to make you free]. Let not the wife depart from her husband [though he may be an unbeliever, nor the

husband from the wife," &c. This is the kind of Christianity which we hope to see restored; a Christianity which overcomes by the strength of its faith—not by evasion of trial—which can live in the midst of the confusion and oppression and temptation of the world, unsullied and joyful.

This is the kind of Christianity which is needed to *save* the world. Redemption came at the beginning by a process the very reverse of monkery. Christ *came out* of the retirement of heaven, and identified himself with the world in all its pollution and misery. When he had finished his own work, he sent his representatives forth, praying for them, "*not that they might be taken out of the world*, but that they might be kept from the evil that is in the world."

For reasons which we have thus hinted at, we feel bound to counsel our friends to beware of Communism. Let every one stand in his lot, availing himself of any opportunities of improving his outward circumstances which the providence of God may offer him, but without anxiously seeking, or greatly valuing such improvements; let him seek first, and with a single eye, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, which are accessible in any circumstances; in tribulation and oppression, in poverty and persecution; under the weight of labor and care, let him suppress that longing for outward relief which is so natural, and fall back upon the everlasting resources of God within his own heart. Let believers, as they are thrown together by Providence, in every place, resolve themselves, as far as their circumstances without forcing will allow, into one family; helping one another in temporal as well as spiritual things, but not seeking to establish formal or separate communities. Thus we shall be the "salt of the earth" (which must not only retain its savor, but be sprinkled), and may hope not only to overcome, but to save the world.

It would hardly be fair to complain, if any should say that the Oneida Community has taken just the course which is here censured. It is undeniable that this language requires explanation, to agree with our subsequent history. It was written in the struggle against the temptations of Fourierism, and probably would have been modified, if we had been wise enough to cast our own horoscope. We must accept the position of Benedict, who confessed—"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I was married."

But leaving our consistency to take care of itself, we embrace the occasion which this article gives us, to define our present position.

In the first place, we do not consider ourselves as quite guilty of *seceding* Communism. We have not run away from general society. We have not emigrated to the Rocky Mountains, or even to the great West. We have not shrunk into a corner. Our faces have been steadily set toward the centers of civilization around us. We have staked all on this issue—either society shall conquer and absorb us, or we will revolutionize society. We have no idea that we are going to have a little heaven by ourselves, and leave the great world to take care of itself. Our special organization has been a convenience for trying experiments, and a help to executive power; but it has never been a necessity—never a refuge from our responsibilities as members of the human race. We serve the Spirit of Pentecost, and, while we can go with that Spirit into Communism, as believers did at the beginning, we can also, as they did, go with it into the forms of ordinary society.

And in the next place, we believe now as earnestly as we did in 1843, that the great mass of

those who are going with us for the salvation of themselves and the world, will find it their duty for the present, to work out that salvation where they stand, in the rugged spirit of the martyr Church. By shutting our doors, we have said to them—go back to the principles on which we stood in 1843, and on which the Primitive Church stood till Christ came. Communism is before you as a beacon of hope. But it is not your salvation. God is your redeemer. Wait on him. He may lead you into Communism, as he did us, sooner than you expect; and on the other hand, he may train you where you are, longer than you expect, and even unto death. To do his will is better than Communism, or any heaven.

#### SWEET POTATOES AT HOME.

THE sweet potato is grown profusely in North Carolina, notwithstanding it has no rank among the commercial crops, except in places that are in communication with the northern cities. It deserves a word, however, for its intrinsic value.

Mr. Thomas Waters, of Moseley Hall, was, I remember, particularly successful in its cultivation. His soil was a very light sand, composed mostly of white quartz particles, mixed with organic matter. This ground, previously manured by being used for cattle-pens a year or two, was plowed into ridges not far from four feet apart. Near the first of June, the young plants were set out two feet apart, on the tops of the ridges. These plants were taken from a bed which was planted with tubers in the spring. After the setting of the plants, two or three hoeings served to perfect the crop. In this simple way, Mr. Waters succeeded in raising from two to five hundred bushels of potatoes per acre. One year he obtained fifteen hundred bushels from three acres.

The tubers are fit to eat about the last of September, when small quantities for immediate use are dug, and exposed to the sun a few days before using. This process is supposed to make them sweeter. But the bulk of the crop is not harvested until far into November. These wonderful esculents, often four and five inches in diameter, and lying in heaps, look more like rutabaga turnips, than like the smaller and finer kinds which are sent to our northern tables.

To keep sweet potatoes through the winter, requires some painstaking; and they are not generally abundant after the holidays. The best mode of wintering, is to put them in moderate sized heaps, under sheds open on all sides, and then cover them with pine-leaves. When warm, spring weather comes on, they are kept in dry out-houses, and care is had to prevent them from sprouting. By such means they can be kept until August, and perhaps later.

The new potatoes are dry, and the novice likes them best. But time indeed softens, and sweetens them, and they become far more palatable to one who is used to them. By the middle of April, they are, when roasted, hardly surpassed by any kind of pastry or confectionery. They are truly wonderful then, so soft, sweet and toothsome when eaten alone.

Sweet potatoes are used by the Carolinians in a great variety of ways. One is to fry them in slices and eat with muffins and coffee. They are also made into pies, something like our

pumpkin-pie, and when used for pudding, they make a dish more rich and cloying, than any thing I now remember to have eaten. They are baked and boiled as with us, but quite seldom, for they are by no means so high-toned as they are when roasted before the fire. This mode is the most handy and favorite one. Cooked in this way, they are not only put on the table with the regular meals, but are eaten hot, by the women, for luncheon. Children carry them to school, with bits of corn-bread and meat. They are taken to the great out-door meetings, and eaten cold, with biscuit and chicken. A. B.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1868.

### THE GENII OF LITERATURE.

CONSIDERING the influence which the great writers of this age have upon the world, one might at first imagine them to be very exemplary persons in private life; but occasional peeps behind the scenes lead us to conclude far otherwise. In a new book lately issued by Hurd & Houghton, New York, entitled "Life and Letters of Fredrika Bremer," we are given this unpleasant glimpse of the childhood of that popular authoress:

"From seven till ten years of age, little Fredrika began to manifest strange dispositions and inclinations. Occasionally she threw into the fire whatever she could lay her hands upon—pocket-handkerchiefs, the younger children's night-caps, stockings, and the like. The servants complained to my mother, and Fredrika was interrogated. She confessed at once; and the only reason she could give for her delinquency was, 'that it was so delightful to see the flames.' In spite of scoldings, and prohibitions, she frequently repeated this pleasure. If a knife or a pair of scissors happened to be lying about, they, and Fredrika too, disappeared immediately. She then walked about alone, meditating; and if nobody happened to be present, she would cut a piece out of a window-curtain, or a round or square hole in front of her dress."

A genius may be said to be one who, having a high order of mental capabilities, is completely in the possession of a spirit, and often an evil spirit, beyond himself; while a talented person is one who, with fine abilities has all his faculties at command. Geniuses offer the greatest resistance of any class of people to organization—the practical foundation of Communism. Even when their hearts and intellects have acknowledged the need of unity as a means of salvation, the genie under whose control they are, leads them off into an almost endless dance of misery. It is fashionable to consider incidents like those above quoted, as exhibitions of smartness, when it would be truer to call them exhibitions of devilry.

T. C. M.

### AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

June 27.—Strawberries and roses are the conspicuous things this week, so red is the prevailing color. Strawberries and roses! rival queens! yet how daintily each holds its position; the one as queen of gastronomy, and the other as queen of flowers! The strawberries are large, luscious, tempting; and the roses are wonderful in color, fragrance, and variety. Never had we so many rose-bushes and never were they so lavish of their treasures. Among the most beautiful are the Madame Leffay, Souvenir d'Age, Caroline de Sansal, Prince Albert, Madame Flora, and General Jacqueminot. This last is a marvel of brilliancy.

Several times this week we have been roused from our slumbers at five o'clock to gather strawberries from the wet vines. Our family bees are in the morning and evening. Hired pickers are employed during the day. Wednesday twenty-four hundred quarts were picked.

Practical operations have commenced on the Midland, near our old mill. To one who walked down yesterday to survey the route, the Hibernian

workman facetiously remarked, "The evening train isn't due yet."

We have had but few visitors this year, and while enjoying the unusual quiet, we almost expected we should get the go by for once; but carriages are continually rolling up to the portico this morning, and if the last Saturday in June is, as our people think, a correct thermometer for the Fourth of July, we may anticipate the usual throng.

An amusing rencounter is described as follows in a letter recently received from one of our agents:

DEAR A:—I met H. G. A. at our room, in New York, at two o'clock. We had both intended to leave the city on the night boat for W. C., but he wished to leave on the afternoon boat as he was in haste to get back to Wallingford. I expected to wait till evening, but he suggested my going on with him. I accepted; but was there time? The boat was to leave in thirty minutes, letters were to be taken to the post-office, and I was only about half dressed. The weather was hot, and I felt doubtful about being able to get to the post-office with the letters, and be in season at the boat. After dressing, there were just twenty-five minutes left, and I had about a mile and a half to travel. But Henry encouraged me, and off I started. First I took a "buss;" but that got blocked up, and I took to my legs. Our New York boys know how difficult it is making speed in Broadway, especially in the neighborhood of Fulton-street. I had a satchel in my hand, and the crowd was apparently thicker than usual. In spite of my nice calculations to dodge people, I hit a Dutchman. The collision, I thought, was but slight, and so passed on. But I soon felt some one kicking my bag. On looking round, I saw it was the Dutchman. He was vexed, and in full chase to give me kick number two. I cried out,

"Hold on!"

"I run't hold on," he answered.

Things looked threatening; so I let out another link, and out-distanced him.

Well, I reached the post-office and also the boat; but you must believe that I was warm when I got there. I was just in season, and so did not look about for Henry until after the boat left. But he was not there. This was a joke; however, I resigned myself to his absence as best I could. The cool breezes of the Sound soon cooled me, and on arriving at the New Haven landing, who should I meet but H. G. A? He was too late for the boat, and so took the cars.

### WILLOW PLACE.

The young hawks Orrin caught are growing finely. Alfred carried one of them into the hen-yard the other day, and an exciting scene followed. One hen, mother of a fine brood, wrought to desperation, flew at the hawk with the greatest fury every time it was put on the ground. C. A. M. remarked that "it was philoprogenitiveness well represented."

The children in the silk factory have been called out part of the time for several days to help in the strawberry-field. They pick from thirty to fifty quarts apiece in half a day and evidently much enjoy the change from "cleaning" silk, in spite of lame backs. The strawberry men say that the shop discipline shows itself, in their excellent behavior.

Our evening meetings, though free and informal, are quite interesting now-a-days. Last night the subject most talked about was faith. E. H. H. compared faith to a magnetic wire, through which we receive the Holy Ghost, which has been poured out upon the world, and is only waiting for men to open their hearts to it. Any distraction is like a break in the connection; no matter how slight, it virtually annihilates the other battery for the time being. Many religionists expect and consequently receive only isolated shocks from time to time. Sooner or later, however, the wires must all be up, and the current made continuous forever.

Mr. Newhouse, who always has a quick eye to the habits of wild animals, discovered a large family of bull-heads in a shallow nook near our bathing-house, and some of us lovers of pisciculture are much interested in studying their ways. There are several hundred, perhaps a thousand, of these tiny,

black, tadpole-looking things, gathered in the space of a wash-basin. They are not over half an inch long, and huddle together, sometimes forming a black mass, looking like a small swarm of bees, and so compact that you could put them into a common saucer.

But the most curious thing about them is the way they are cared for by the two large parent bull-heads. No old hen could appear more anxious about her brood, than do these two fishes about their finny school. Watch, and you will see the mother, who was frightened away by your approach, swim cautiously back, and stop close to her little ones, who gather around her body, while she quietly broods them. The home of the mother, is at the bottom of deep pools, and you are almost startled to see her fearlessly maintaining her position there at your feet, in water only ankle deep. If you disturb her, she will swim away a short distance, but soon resolutely return to her charge. Meanwhile the male is seen, now shyly approaching, then darting away, but evidently keeping a sharp lookout for enemies. You keep perfectly still, and he will swim nearer and nearer, until satisfied that all is right, when he will take up a watchful position at a little distance.

Mr. Newhouse says these fish deposit their spawn in holes which they make or find, and carefully watch over the eggs until they are hatched, and the little ones are large enough to take care of themselves. They live at the mouth of their nursery, and drive away all foes which present themselves. After the eggs are hatched, the little fish swim around in the shallow water, but on the approach of danger, the old ones get them together and take them into their holes. Upon searching, we found a number of these holes.

We call these fish bull-heads; but according to books of piscatory authority, they belong to the cat-fish genus, *Pimelodus catus*. Bull-heads proper, belong to the genus *Cottus*, which includes that pest of the sea-side angler, called by fishermen, the sea-robin, or toad-fish.

The W. C. journalist says:

We have adopted the New Jersey style of managing our hired pickers, which saves tallying, and makes the payment easier, as well as more sure. To explain: We have a quantity of tickets with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, printed on them, and when a picker comes to have his berries tallied, we give him a ticket with a figure on it corresponding to the number of quarts he has picked; and so on, for every time he comes. When the pickers wish to be paid, they present their tickets which show how much money they have earned. If a box is picked poorly with too long stems on the berries, with green or injured fruit, or is not full enough, a half-quart ticket is given for it.

### OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

Mount Tom Printing Office,  
W. C., June, 23, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—So the Midland Railroad, after all, is to go through your back yard, or near it. *Vive la marche!* You have had your day of rural seclusion, and now, as in the case of China and Japan, the great public is knocking at your doors. The vineyard, the Weed orchard, the Cragin meadow, little sacred nooks of tranquility where one could wander,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

are now to become a thoroughfare for millions. The great West and the great East are to rush back and forth by your clothes-yard and tool-house, weaving the destiny of an empire, greater than that of Alexander. Good! Let them rush! Only save the little fish-pond and grotto back of the Tontine, if you can.

### A REMINISCENCE.

Our meetings, of late, have been conversational and historical. We first took a rapid review of the old files of the paper, from the time of the New Haven *Perfectionist*, in 1834, to the dispersion at Putney and the regathering at Oneida, in 1848. Then we read a couple of manuscript journals, kept by members of the Putney Corporation, during the memorable last year of that body. The scenes and



transactions attending the dispersion, as described by these eye-witnesses, are still quite moving. The agitation produced in the town by the development of Community principles, the recalcitration of some who fancied their interests affected thereby, the bitterness and persecution, the Eastman controversy, the Lamb controversy, the healing of Harriet Hall, the failure in the case of Mary Knight, the union and enthusiasm of the little group at the "old cha-teau," the prosecutions, partizan meetings and threatened violence of our opponents, and the final orderly dispersion of the Communists to meet under better auspices at Oneida; these all form the materials of a future epic to be written some day, I hope. It is due to Putney to say, that her second sober thought was undoubtedly one of regret at the persecution that drove Mr. Noyes and his associates away. A few years afterward a branch family of the O. C. returned to Putney, and, occupying the Community property still remaining there, were treated with unexceptionable courtesy, so long as they chose to stay. In connection with these reminiscences, I may mention, that we are now enjoying a visit from two aged ladies of Putney, who were the fast friends of the Community in those troubles of its early days.

## PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

In the same historical vein, we are having a series of interesting narratives from different members of this family, relating the manner of their first acquaintance with Mr. Noyes, the Perfectionist movement, and its Communistic sequel. The guiding of Providence in many of these cases, seems very marked. One person first became attracted to the truth, through a chance number of the *New Haven Perfectionist*, found lying on a post-office counter. Another, while pastor of a church in New York, was electrified by the reading of Mr. Noyes's tract on "Salvation from Sin" (handed him by an acquaintance), and immediately sent and bought up the whole edition, supposing that all his friends would be equally affected by it. A third became acquainted with the person last mentioned, in a casual way at a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and labored with him in the church till both found themselves following the truth out of it. A fourth became interested in the subject of faith, and being a preacher, set forth his convictions in a sermon. Miller, the prophet, who was present, treated his earnestness with something like disdain, but at the close of the discourse, a stranger came and took the speaker's hand with some emotion, and invited him to meet some persons of like views in a neighboring town. He did so, and there encountered Mr. Cragin, who was on a lecturing tour. This sealed his fate: he became a Perfectionist, and putting his faith into his next sermon, ended his preaching career.

And so on. There is a world of romance in the common experience of good men and women, and particularly of those who have come near enough to the new life, to be taken captive by its spirit. You might enrich your columns by many such narratives.

## A DECLARATION.

Some discourse has been had here lately, on the rights of believers in Christ, to resist and repudiate the devil's works in the body as well as in the soul, and in response to a proposal to embody the feelings of the family on this subject, the following was written and generally approved:

*Whereas*, Jesus Christ has come in the flesh, and tasted death for every man, and,

*Whereas*, The Holy Spirit, with its rivers of living water, and its wells of everlasting life, has been poured out on all flesh, and,

*Whereas*, The Prince of this world, which is the Death power, has been judged and cast out, and, as the last enemy, is to be totally destroyed,

*Resolved*, That henceforth the claims of old age, disease and death, are a gross usurpation, and that we will resist them by our testimony, and by our acts, in spirit and in form.

*Resolved*, That whoever else may be fanatical, we will abide by facts. And that the facts recited in the above preamble warrant, nay, compel us to make insurrection against disease and old age, with

the same confidence that we revolt against sin. The charge of presumption lies not with those who accept Christ as a full Savior, but with those who, pretending to believe in him, expect failure and decay.

*Resolved*, That disease and death are not only a usurpation, but a sham; that their foundations have been knocked out, and that they only keep a semblance of power through the "confidence game," which they practice on their victims. This iniquity it shall be our business to destroy.

*Resolved*, That our experience of miraculous power in the healing of our bodies, from time to time, is God's encouragement to us to persevere in the position we have taken, and that his word to us is, "Go forward."

*Resolved*, That the invasion of Hades through the channels of Swedenborgianism and false Spiritualism, has been successfully met and turned back, and that now is the time for believers to push forward resurrection truth.

*Resolved*, That to do the will of God, is pleasure and health: that the Kingdom of Heaven can, and will protect its subjects; and hence, the only request we need to make of that government, is the favor of a job.

*Resolved*, That the Pentecostal Spirit is an element of newness, freshness, and immortal youth, and that the Community as its exponent, will know no other standard.

Some may think this declaration on such a subject, too outspoken and premature. But good heavens! Are not eighteen hundred years of unresisting bondage, after emancipation has been decreed, and in part effected, enough? When are we to *begin* to think and speak freely of this thing that every body hates, but which is thus deemed too sacred to touch? If we have got to creep along to its abolition, as we did in the case of slavery, it is time that some body should break through the prohibition of discussion, and get the liberty at least, to stir up thought and inquiry, and express the sentiment that multitudes must secretly feel, viz.; that disease, old age and death, are a form of tyranny more universal, and more atrocious than slavery ever was. Salvation from Sin breeds thought on this subject, and if thought can once be made free, agitation will ripen into action, and Garrison will be followed by John Brown.

Though we are getting into the strawberry harvest to the extent of six hundred or eight hundred quarts a day, I do not intend to say a word about it. You are in the same predicament, and I shall not carry my coals to Newcastle.

## SWIMMING.

**WATCHING** Harley's awkward paddling the other day, whilst making his first efforts at learning to swim, it struck me that perhaps nothing in man's whole battling with the elements is more singular than this same swimming, or rather learning to swim. Throw two boys of equal size and density into deep water: one paddles about like a duck, can't stay on the bottom if he tries; the other, though he struggles with frightful energy to keep his head above the surface, presently sinks helplessly to the bottom, and stays there.

"Ah," we say, "he didn't know how to swim."

To swim? Well, what do we mean by that?

Natural Philosophy teaches us that the specific gravity of water and human bodies is nearly the same, so that only a slight exertion is necessary to enable people to keep afloat. The whole art of swimming lies just here, in a nut-shell, viz.: to make the exertion *slight* enough! To do this, one must not be afraid to let all but the top of his head down to his nose be under water, and get courage enough to strike out *slowly* with his arms, and to kick with equal deliberation. Tyros invariably strike and kick as if their lives depended on their making the greatest possible number of motions per minute.

I have had the pleasure of teaching several persons something about this art, and almost the only direction I ever find it necessary to give, is:

"Strike slowly! Make a slow, steady sweep with

your arms, and kick out both feet at once; slowly! slowly!"

Beauty and speed in swimming come soon enough when once people learn to let the water do nine-tenths of the work of keeping them afloat. Hundreds of people are drowned every summer because they don't practically realize that swimming will almost do itself.

I well remember, years ago, when this strange, open secret was revealed to me. It was a warm evening in June. There had been a long day's work for our men, taking down old barns. Seven o'clock at last.

"Come, boys," said the foreman, "let's go down and take a swim."

Of course the juvenile portion of the "boys" started for the swimming-place on a dead run. Our goal was an open meadow upon one side of which the river made a gentle curve. Arriving on the bank, as boys are apt to, holding shoes in one hand and pantaloons up with the other, I was presently bathing my limbs in the delicious flood. Now, for trying to swim again. So I poised myself carefully in the water, with one toe on the bottom, draw in a long breath, settle my nerves, and lift the toe at anchor. The same old story: a frantic thrashing for an instant; my head bobs down; my feet fly up; my hands find the bottom: I scramble upon my feet blowing like a whale, wipe the water from my eyes, and commence again. The next time, in the midst of the struggle, I heard a voice call to me. I glanced up. Herbert, the finest swimmer on the river, stood on the bank:

"Strike slower, boy!" he said.

A sudden impulse came upon me. I made a slow, deliberate motion with my hands; another and another. I could *swim*! Much practice has taught me many things concerning this mysterious, beautiful art; but its first coming was like a flash of light.

K.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ON THE WING.

New York, June 24, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I am detailed the present week to transact business for our associated Communities, O. C. and W. C., in this city. This business is not what it was during the last three or four years, when we kept an open office; and yet, as compared with ten or fifteen years ago it has very much increased. Then, both our purchases and sales were few and in small quantities; now, they are many and generally in wholesale lots. Yes, our city business helps at least to tell the story of our commercial growth.

On Sunday last I was with our happy family in Wallingford. Monday morning I took an early train for this place; but stopped off at Stamford, Conn., to call on our silk customers in that thriving town, and arrived here about two P. M.

By way of sample of my work in hand, I will give you a peep into my memoranda of things done Monday afternoon. First, deposited my two bags in room 76, Moffat Building. Second, delivered five hundred top labels for one-hundred-yard silk-boxes, to a box-manufacturer in 18 Dey-st. Third, went to the post-office for letters. Fourth, tried my hand at collecting a post-office order for money, of the post-office officials. In this I failed, because I am not a legalized proprietor of the O. C.! So much for red tape. Fifth, bought a ton of feed for W. C., at 90 Broad-st. Sixth, bought a summer suit of clothing for myself, corner of Nassau and Fulton-sts. Seventh, delivered an order for die sinkers with which to stamp our castings at O. C., at 92 Fulton-st. Eighth, ordered from a house in Beckman-st., eleven gross quart-bottles for our preserved-fruit department, at O. C. Ninth, ordered from 215 Pearl-st., twelve gross corks to match said bottles. Tenth, presented an order for sixteen hundred pounds box-nails, in William-st., corner of Platt; but I was too late to get it filled as the hardware merchants had closed their business for the day. Eleventh, supper at Lunch Rooms in Liberty-st., consisting of broiled mackerel, bread-and-butter and ice water

Twelfth, letter-writing in room 76, mailing the same at Astor House, 8: 30 P. M. Thirteenth, read Paul's epistle to Philemon and a portion of Hebrews, accompanied with edifying reflections. Nine o'clock, retired for the night.

For to-day I have a programme to execute much like the above, varied of course, by our miscellaneous wants.

There is one thing which is unavoidable by a man doing business about the city, and that is going up and down the stairs, and chiefly *up*. This is *work* to a man like myself weighing one hundred and eighty lbs.—especially should the mercury stand at ninety degs., as it did last Saturday. From the level of Broadway to our room in Moffat Building, there are five flights of stairs, making an altitude of sixty-nine feet. These must be traversed several times during the day. Then, our business being principally wholesale, we must necessarily go up stairs to do it, as such business is generally located in the lofts. This has led me to study stair-ology, if I may be allowed to coin a word. For the benefit of others similarly situated, I will mention my discovery, or rather my application of a certain well-known principle.

Professors of elocution and of vocal music present, as one of their primary elements of instruction, that their pupils shall learn to fill their lungs *full* in breathing. This gives vigor and power to the voice. Physiologists say that in proportion as we breathe we live; and, on the contrary, in proportion as we neglect to breathe well we are weak and puny. Now I have found in this exercise of stair-ascension that by doing extra breathing just before and during the process, the task is materially lessened. But it should be done scientifically and faithfully, not in a spasmodic way. You must acquire the art of filling the lower lobes of the lungs first, and the upper afterwards, and do it persistently. This quickens the circulation of the blood and imparts vigor to the whole physical system. You can feel the effects of it in your knees. Try it.

Speaking of the growth of the O. C., I would avoid any thing like egotism or vanity. On the contrary, it is in my heart to honor the God of Truth who has thus far enabled us to fulfill our mission. That mission has been, first of all, self-improvement, the cultivation of our union with God and with one another. The outward show of this interior experience may be seen in our industries—our manufactures, our commerce. The two are inseparable. The outward is simply an index of the inward. This is sound philosophy. To me, it is simply nonsense to say that our principles are bad while our conduct is good. If it were not so, the twenty years history of the O. C. would not be what it is to-day. That history may not have been in every respect perfect. We have had the world, the flesh and the devil to overcome as well as other folks; but our general aim has been right, and the public know it. It is this righteous purpose within us—an invincible determination to do things as they ought to be done, that has given us the character we have as manufacturers. Our traps, our bags, our fruit, our silk, are what we claim for them. Or, if by neglect or otherwise they fall short of that, it is our choice to stand the loss. It is because we warrant what we make, that people have confidence in us.

There are two ways of making money by manufactures. One is to make a poor article and sell it under the current price. The other is to make a good article and sell it above the ordinary quotations. The O. C. have chosen the last of these two ways; with what result our competitors well know.

But we began small. By way of illustration allow me to mention a contrast. About fifteen years ago, the idea of cultivating strawberries for market, in the vicinity of Oneida was unthought of. Mr. Thacker had procured plants and set out a patch of only a few rods square of this delicious fruit. The vines yielded finely, and there was a surplus of some twenty-five quarts above the wants of the family. J. R. Miller, a man among us of recognized talent as a salesman, took these berries to Oneida village and offered them for sale at twelve-and-a-half cents per quart. After working half a day or so, he effected a sale of twelve quarts; the remainder he brought

home. This was the beginning of a large experience in strawberry culture at O. C. The Community started the business and made it a success; our neighbors caught the idea and the result is, I am informed, that the present season, there are in our immediate vicinity not less than fifty acres of strawberries under cultivation.

Our freight, coming and going, by railroad, for the year 1867, footed up at six hundred tons. This, I think, includes express matter. H. W. B.

#### OUR LETTER-BOX.

"—, *Mass.*, June 22, 1868.—Here is one dollar for you, and my hearty good wishes for the success of your Community, and the greatest happiness of every individual member of it. I take much satisfaction in reading the CIRCULAR, and think I am greatly benefited thereby. I am at present, your only friend in this place. I like most of the ideas you advance, but should I particularize, I should say, I like the Home-Talks. The ideas expressed in regard to insanity, are to me rather new; but so palpably true, that I am surprised that they seem new. Sin is the enemy and destroyer of human happiness and human life; and to indulge in it is both insane and foolish. Sinful habits rot the brain, and ruin both the material and spiritual man. The doctrine of Male Continence is a great discovery. Perhaps many men have known and practiced the same, but have not had courage to publish facts in relation to so delicate a subject. It does not seem to me sufficient, merely to publish this discovery to the world. Let its value be shown. Let some of the innumerable and dreadful evils of practicing its opposite be revealed. Men do not see them, for sin has blinded their eyes. Was not sexual intercourse without control, the original sin, which brought shame and death upon man? And is it not now the sin above all others which prepares the way for every other sin in the soul, and every disease in the body? Will not some member of your Community exert his best talents in preparing an essay which shall do justice to this vast subject? Let it be published in the CIRCULAR, and also in the form of a pamphlet. I have already distributed a few numbers of the little pamphlet on Male Continence. But it seems to me rather necessary to have the essay above named to go with it. I should like to distribute many of them together. I think it might be the means of starting a reform in the world, which more than any other would prepare the world for conversion; the reception and acknowledgement of Christ in the heart, and an apprehension of the great truths he would reveal. Excuse my presumption in making this suggestion.

I have conversed with some persons upon Male Continence, and it seems to be their belief, even after having read your pamphlet, that it is impracticable and unnecessary; that it is only the greatest excesses of indulgence which cause any evil, and that these have no connection with honest married life. Although it is now well known to the public, that a very large proportion of the very worst and most hopeless cases of insanity and idiocy are caused directly by indulging the sexual passion without control, men cannot easily be made to see that what they consider a temperate indulgence has any injurious effect on them, when in fact their temperate indulgence is a mighty draft upon all their energies, has already beclouded their minds and weakened their physical systems. If the terrible consequences of greater excesses do not come upon them, the system is more liable to disease of every kind; and other consequences will appear in premature old age, imbecility and death. I wish this whole subject could be made clear as the light of day unto all men.

D. R. S.

"—, *Conn.*, June 20, 1868.—This glorious summer day, and the possession of a dish of splendid, ruby-ripe strawberries, remind me of a day spent very pleasantly, about a year since, at W. C. It also reminds me that I then became a subscriber to the CIRCULAR, the contents of which I have devoured (mentally) with as much relish as I expect to the said dish of strawberries. Do not suppose that I have not been to W. C. since last June. Far from

it. The fact is, I have been a constant and regular visitor through the medium of the highly-prized CIRCULAR, whose continued presence I hereby invoke by enclosing the regular yearly consideration, one dollar. In addition, I beg leave to send four dollars, which you may credit to the account of some of your worthy non-paying readers or subscribers. Perhaps I may thereby also, contribute a mite toward sustaining a publication which advocates religious, moral, and social principles with which I harmonize very much. I feel as though I failed in performing a duty devolving upon me as a being responsible to my Heavenly Father for any talent committed to my charge, if I do not make some effort to assist in relieving the human family from the bonds of selfishness, unhappiness and misery which permeate the civilized world without regard to station. May God prosper you, is the heart-felt wish and daily prayer of your friend. W. A. B."

"—, *Iowa*, June 18, 1868.—I have read the *Trapper's Guide*, and think it will be the means of enabling thousands of men to make trapping a paying business. I, myself, profess to be a trapper and hunter, and I might say, a pioneer of Iowa, Nebraska, and the great Rocky Mountains, where I have spent months and years in solitude, ranging from the headwaters of Arkansas River to the sources of the Blue and Colorado rivers. I have spent days on the top of Pike's Peak, and have roamed to the Black Hills. Many are the encounters I have had with the buffalo, elk, deer, sheep, bear, and mountain lion; and many the chases I have given the antelope over the plains. My mode of trapping is on horse-back, in this country, and on foot in the mountains. I never had the pleasure of such an outfit as you describe, with even a tin stove; but in the Rocky Mountains we build a home cabin on Bear Creek, ten miles from the Snow Range, and from thence we scour the surrounding wilds, and descend into the dark and lonely canyons of the Rocky Mountains in search of game and fur-bearing animals. I have spent weeks alone, without seeing a man, or hearing the voice of a human being. My companion was my rifle; my music the howling of wolves and the snuffing of the cougar as they prowled around my cheerful camp-fire.

"P. C."

#### HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE LATRE.

NO. XXI.

OUR most accommodating pastor, stimulated by a somewhat overweening estimate of his own powers of debate, and by frequent reports of the eagerness of the aforesaid Jew to engage him in controversy, offered his church as an arena. The subject of debate was the Sabbath. The curate, although a scholar of no ordinary standing, from the University of Cambridge in England, could not maintain his ground for a moment. The Israelite swept every thing before him; and his showing made it so clear to me that Christendom was altogether at fault in the matter, that I began at once to question its authority. Then began the process of investigation which opened my eyes to the true condition of the professing world. I gave this man a fair hearing for six weeks, conferring with him for several hours every evening, fully satisfied that the moment had come for me to withdraw from that world. In November, 1846, I cut off all connection with the church of which I had been a member for about twenty years, and openly associated with the man who had been instrumental in disengaging me from the trammels of mere tradition. I felt enthusiastic and joyful in the discovery of what appeared to me to be glorious truth; more particularly the doctrine of present Salvation from Sin through an indwelling Savior.

This Jew had been converted to Christianity when an adult, and by that means had the advantage of those who are born Christians, so to speak. He had not been brought up to take every thing for gospel which was uttered in the pulpit. Therefore, when he received the doctrines of the New Testament, he could look at them through a comparatively clear medium. Up to this day, however, he is to me, in

some respects, an enigma. The most satisfactory view I can take of him is, that he was among the agencies which are employed to break up and loosen material from old organizations, which may be organized anew. It was all he could do. He had no idea of a reconstruction, for he had no idea of the organization which exists in the heavens in the social machinery of the Primitive Church—that church of the first resurrection. He knew nothing whatever of the Second Coming, as having taken place at the destruction of Jerusalem. Consequently, he was after all, as much adrift as the rest of the world, on the great subject of our hopes as believers in Christ. And adrift we must be until we go back of all that has transpired since that Coming, and make our connection with those who entered the resurrection world at that epoch.

Well, I continued with that man for three years. There was but a small band of us, open to the ridicule of those about us, among whom I cut a somewhat remarkable figure, having exchanged the society of the educated and refined, for that of the illiterate and obscure. We knew there was something better coming, but what that something really was, some one else had to tell us, as we shall see. Meanwhile, we all met together on Sundays, and a part of us frequently in the evening, during the week, harping on pretty much the same thing (the Jew being occasionally absent on his peddling trips), until the Spring of 1849, when our leader took it into his head to make a journey to California, to get a share of the gold which looked so very bright just then—so bright, indeed, that I should probably have gone with him, had I been able to make suitable arrangements. After his departure, however, the tendency among us was to take his character to pieces. He left no one in his place to look after the flock, and all felt more free to express their minds. Some couldn't see one thing, and some couldn't see another. Although he had cleared up some points of difficulty in the interpretation of the Scriptures, he had not disposed of them all, by any means. How could he without an apprehension of the Second Coming!

This little sketch of my encounter with the curate and the Jew, has covered the space of about four years. What of our household during that interval? Until I became acquainted with the Israelite, matters at home went on as usual. But my connection with him (November 1846), let in the elements of confusion. The very fact that we were set at liberty to examine for ourselves a book like the Bible, was enough of itself to elate us. Add to this that we had escaped, as we thought, from the law, and all at once considered ourselves much farther along in grace than we were, and you may form some idea of our liability to fanaticism. This Jew, though converted in London, had issued from Germany, at the time of the culmination of the religious frenzy in that country, and at the moment of my encounter with him, that element was rife among ourselves. Nay, even the world of the dead had burst in upon us through the revival of Swedenborgianism. I am not now greatly surprised at having been thought a little beside myself at that period, for what I did do, I did promptly. My convictions were powerful, and I regarded not the fear of man. But I own, with regret, that my zeal was sometimes destitute of knowledge.

It is not to be supposed that my spirit could fail to affect our boys. The eldest, by this time, was thirteen years old. He used to go with me to our little conventicle to hear the new prophet, who had discovered a way into heaven at a single bound! The flesh was rejoiced, of course, to escape the cross; but the trouble was, that as long as the flesh remained we failed to realize our hopes, and no one could tell what the matter was. Meanwhile I continued staunch in the new doctrine, inculcating the same at home among my boys; my wife, however, kept clear of all "new fangled notions." I used to find myself, at times, uncomfortably *struck*, while holding forth in the new light; but my courage held out, for my faith was unshaken throughout as to the error of the churches, and I never for a moment looked back.

The children (I mean the two older more particularly) were at this time subjected to a double opera-

tion, calculated to draw them out to act for themselves. Our system of government had been very faulty, at least in one respect. The bane of that system was a multiplicity of regulations. It fairly wearied the poor little fellows. This they felt all the more from our policy of seclusion. It was a timid policy, although adopted from good motives, and like all policy based on fear, which is a lack of faith, it was suicidal in its very nature. It was a happy thing for us then to have this system broken in upon. Then again, were these children to hear of all this freedom from law and outward restraint, and yet continue incarcerated from year to year within the prison walls of a narrow policy? No, not they indeed.

The eldest boy's enterprising spirit soon began to look about for a wider field of action, for he had had an occasional interview with boys of his own age, who would, of course, exaggerate matters outside. He laid his plan. He must have company. His next younger brother was only too glad to coöperate in so glorious an enterprise, especially with the responsibility resting on his brother's shoulders. The money-box was accessible, for there had been no occasion for mistrust. Ten dollars (fairly earned by the young adventurer) were extracted, and the poor fellows, with nothing but an old worn-out sack, containing their duds, sallied forth on their desperate project at noonday, November, 1848. This affair came like a thunder-clap, the moment of discovery. My wife and I were both at once convicted. In an instant the thought flashed upon us that we had overdone our new theories, and our feelings threatened to overwhelm us. It was painful in the extreme to witness the mother's distress. The only relief was in my starting immediately in pursuit. We got an inkling of the direction they had taken, and I was off. But they had got the start of me long enough to throw me off the scent, so that while I was beating about the cities on the way to recover it, they had reached Albany, their plan having been to go at once, for security, as far as their purse would carry them. When I reached that point, and had failed to track them (although they were both there, serving in different places), I made for New York, having reason to suspect their intention of taking to the sea. This was their mother's supreme dread; and I was to intercept them by all means.

#### A STEERAGE PASSENGER.

##### I.

HAVING crossed the Atlantic three times in the steerage of a sailing vessel, I recall some incidents of the voyages which may interest those unacquainted with that manner of traveling.

I was born at Hawkhurst, in the county of Kent, England, near the place of William the Conqueror's great battle. But as I grew up, I found little encouragement in that part of the world for rising ambition, and when nineteen years old (now thirty-four years ago), I determined to go in search of better things. So joining a party of sixteen persons, of various ages, from one to seventy years (nearly all of whom were strangers to me), and tearing myself away from kind friends and weeping relations, I put my little all into a chest and bade good-by to the flowery banks and fragrant fields so dear to my childhood. We turned our steps toward the ocean, whose boundless expanse I fancied lay between me and the realization of brighter fortunes, and after a day and a night's travel, we reached the massive doors of St. Catharine's dock, London.

Berths having been previously engaged, we carried our baggage on board the *George Clinton*, a craft of six hundred tons burden, and then escorted the women and children to their new home. Some of us had never seen a sailing vessel before; and we were all very green in matters of navigation. Descending the steep ladder between decks (by no means an easy thing to do for the elderly women), we found two aisles, one on each side of the vessel. There was a double row of berths down the center, and a single row on each side, affording accommodations for two hundred passengers. These berths were fitted up in a very rough manner. Scantling was fastened upright at proper distances. The sides of the berths

were of inch boards, six or seven inches wide, nailed edgewise to the scantling or posts, forming the only partition provided; but the bedding came above these sides so that there was nothing to keep us from being thrown from our couches, even when the rolling of the vessel was but slight. Some of the passengers stretched ropes from one tier of berths to the other, to serve as a protection; but even this precaution sometimes proved futile. A few strong strips of rough boards were nailed across the bottom, which completed the berth. There was no covering overhead, thus allowing neighborly gossip, and better still, the free circulation of that air so precious to life. The aisles were only about four feet and a half wide, and as we had to place our large chests in front of our berths for tables, the passage-way was very narrow.

"But where are the closets, dressing-room, kitchen, &c.," asks the tidy matron. Such luxuries as those were not to be thought of; but we had one little room, eighteen inches high, under the lower berth, where we could stow away water-bottles, cooking utensils, and many other things. We were allowed to put some of our large chests and provisions below decks, so our quarters were less crowded than they might have been. Yet what a scene it was to those accustomed to comfort and convenience! But we were strong and hearty, and disposed to look at the romance in our situation. All was bustle. No one knew exactly what to do. We men plied the sailors with questions, while the women planned curtains for the front of the berths, and such other little conveniences as could be arranged in so small a place. All that the vessel furnished us were the bare berths and fuel for the fire on deck, so that it took us about a week to carry in our bedding and other necessary provisions.

The eventful day of departure at last arrived. Our vessel slowly left her moorings among the forest of masts at the dock, and swept toward the sea, on the bosom of the Thames. We felt exhilarated by our new circumstances, and conversation was for awhile very lively. One romantic young lady exclaimed, "O, how I love the water! I should like to sail round the world." All loose furniture and utensils had to be lashed or cleated in place before night fell. This done, we sat down in front of our berths for an evening chat. The rows of knees came so close together that it was difficult to walk up and down between them, especially as our deck,—which even during the day was but dimly lighted from the open hatch and a few thick bull's-eyes—was at night only illuminated for a few hours by a lantern furnished by the passengers. No fire nor open lights were allowed. We kept up good spirits, however, and genial jokes passed round. Acquaintances were formed. The youths tried to forget the girls they left behind them, and the maidens smiled through sparkling tears as the rosy cheeks and honest eyes of those far away rose in bright visions before them.

Bed-time came, and I found myself in a distressing predicament for a bashful fellow. How should I manage to undress myself and get into my upper berth? But I was in the scrape and there was no backing out. "O," I said to myself, "for the heroism of that grey-haired man across the aisle!" who began undressing without the least sign of hesitation. But we men and boys must be courteous and leave room for the women; so, summoning all the courage I could muster, I threw off my coat and then climbed to my berth where I removed the remainder of my clothes as best I could in so cramped a position.

The first night passed quietly on the expanding river, but the morning brought a bustling scene about the large range, which was fastened midway between the bulwarks where there was no protection from rain or breakers. Clouds of smoke almost smothered us, and no one could long boast of white linen. Yet the scene was attractive. Groups of men, women and boys took turns boiling water or doing some simple cooking. There were so many to be served that although there was a row of kettles two or three deep in front, and every inch of room improved, the range was in use nearly all day.

In two or three days we left the last speck of land,

and our vessel began to reel and stagger. Rosy cheeks grew pale. The romantic young lady, who was at first so enthusiastic for sea voyaging, sought to hide herself. The stoutest made hard work of laughing at others, and some with bent knees held fast to the slop-pail as they cast up their accounts. Our condition grew worse and worse for several days until some began to despair, and no one was so miserable as the romantic young lady. A terrible storm came on in the night. The water bottles danced a jig, and the pans and kettles broke loose and rolled frantically about the deck. The shouting and running of sailors, and the creaking and rattling of the rigging, was to us landsmen any thing but pleasant. However, I at last fell asleep and knew no more till morning when plenty of confusion was revealed, though there were no serious damages. We were now pretty much over sea-sickness and in better spirits. C. E.

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

ONCE met a lady who told me that her father at the age of seventy-eight had a third set of teeth. Before hearing this, in thinking of victory over old age, I had been perplexed about the restoration of the teeth. The dental books I found alluded to other cases of aged persons' teething for the third time. They say it is frequently accompanied with the restoration of eyesight and the turning back of gray hair to its youthful color.

Unbelief makes these signs forebodings of speedy death. To me, it seems that nature thus stretches forth her hands imploringly to faith. From the history of faithless generations it is refreshing to turn to the promise of God, that "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength;" and to the example of Sarah who, "through faith received strength to conceive seed and was delivered of a child when she was past age."

The strongest of human races sprung from the renewed youth of an aged Jewish couple, and that youth was renewed by faith. J. B. H.

ONE evening after a weary march through the desert, Mahomet was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them say, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God," on which Mahomet said, "Friend, tie thy camel and commit it to God."

WHEN baryta is heated to a dull redness, it takes oxygen from the atmosphere, forming binoxid of barium. On raising the temperature to a bright redness the oxygen is set at liberty. The baryta being cooled to a dull redness again, takes more oxygen, and the process may be repeated *ad infinitum*. By a simple process which has been patented in France, the pure oxygen is secured when it is evolved, and can be thus manufactured on a large scale.

THE alkali manufactures of Great Britain, are largely increasing. In the year 1867, the amount of common salt decomposed for the manufacture principally of soda-ash, was about 400,000 tons, requiring for its decomposition about 320,000 tons of oil of vitriol, which amount contains nearly 100,000 of sulphur. The residue of the process which contains nearly all the sulphur, and is called black-ash, has hitherto been considered worthless and thrown away. A process has lately been discovered for the recovery of the sulphur from the black-ash.

THE Duke of Argyll tells a good story. He was traveling with the Duke of Northumberland in a first-class carriage on the Northeastern Railway. At one of the stations a little commercial traveler got in. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction. Here the Duke of Northumberland got out, and was met by a train of flunkies and servants. The commercial traveler said to his remaining companion, "That must be some great swell." "Yes," said the Duke of Argyll, "he is the Duke of Northumberland." "Bless me," exclaimed the bag-man, "and to think that he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

#### I HOLD STILL.

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers;  
God's breath upon the flames doth blow;  
And all my heart in anguish shivers,  
And trembles at the fiery glow;  
And yet I whisper—As God will!  
And in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart all heated,  
On his hard anvil, minded so  
Into his own fair shape to beat it  
With his great hammer, blow on blow.  
And yet I whisper—As God will!  
And at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;  
Sparks fly off at every blow;  
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,  
And lets it cool and makes it glow:  
And yet I whisper—As God will!  
And in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow  
Thus only longer lived would be;  
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,  
When God has done his work in me:  
So I say trusting—As God will!  
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,  
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;  
And all heaviest blows are surely  
Inflicted by a master hand;  
So I say firmly—As God will!  
And hope in him, and suffer still."

#### NEWS ITEMS.

THE President has nominated Wm. M. Evarts to be Attorney General.

CHICAGO has sixteen grain-elevators with a capacity of nine million bushels.

THE American Watch Company at Waltham, Mass., employs four hundred and fifty workmen.

GARIBALDI thinks of visiting England and the United States next fall.

It is thought that the Alaska bill will be postponed till the next session of Congress.

THE Apache Indians recently made a raid on a ranch in New Mexico, driving off thirty horses and mules. One Indian was killed.

At a recent railroad meeting, in Salt Lake City, Brigham Young said that Utah strongly desires the Pacific Railroad and will help build it.

REPORTS of the cotton crop throughout the South are of a favorable character, although some months must elapse before it can be considered out of danger.

THE novel experiment of moving a house by water was recently tried at Bridgeport with success. A large house was launched and floated through the drain and down the river, landing safely at East Bridgeport, its destination.

A BILL, to aid in the construction of a railroad, for military and postal purposes, from Schenectady through the wilderness of northern New York to the St. Lawrence river, has been introduced into the House of Representatives. It proposes to donate fifteen thousand dollars per mile for that purpose.

MATTHEW VASSAR, of Poughkeepsie, founder of the Vassar Female College, died suddenly on the 23d inst., while reading his address to the trustees of the College at their annual meeting. He was seventy-seven years old.

THE President, on Saturday, June 20th, vetoed the bill admitting Arkansas into the Union, and on Monday it was passed over the veto by a large majority in both houses. Tuesday, the Senators elect from that state were sworn in and admitted to their seats, the Representatives elect being admitted the day following. Thursday, the President sent in his veto of the Omnibus Bill, so called because it admits six states in one act, which was at once passed over his veto by both houses and is therefore a law. Thus, during one week, seven of the states lately in rebellion have been re-admitted to the councils of the nation.

## Announcements:

#### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

#### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

#### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

#### ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

#### STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Sate, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

#### PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries, Cherries, Huckleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Quinces, Lawton Blackberries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with syrup—Tomatoes, Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String Beans, in cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Oneida Community. Also, Jellies of the Barberry, Currant, Blackberry, Quince, Crab-Apple, Peach, Raspberry, and Black Currant.

N. B.—As we are unable to keep up with the demand for these goods, persons desiring a full assortment should order a year in advance. First come first served. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

#### MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

#### MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

#### PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$8.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. NOYES. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. NEWHOUSE. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or *Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse*. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. NOYES. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.